

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefite:
So one by one wee'll weed them all at last,
And you your selfe shall steere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Cornet.

*Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Bucking-
ham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwick,
and the Duchesse.*

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or Somerset, or Yorke, all's one to me.

Yorke. If Yorke haue ill demean'd himselfe in France,
Then let him be deny'd the Regent-shipp.

Som. If Somerset be vnworthy of the Place,
Let Yorke be Regent, I will yeeld to him.

Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Dispute not that, Yorke is the worthyer.

Card. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speake.

Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

Warw. Warwick may liue to be the best of all.

Salub. Peace Sonne, and shew some reason Buckingham

Why Somerset should be prefer'd in this?

Queene. Because the King forsooth will haue it so.

Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himselfe

To giue his Censure: There are no Womens matters.

Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace

To be Protector of his Excellence?

Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,

And at his pleasure will resigne my Place.

Suff. Resigne it then, and leaue thine insolence.

Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?

The Common-wealth hath daily run to wracke,

The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,

And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme

Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraignie.

Card. The Commons haue thou rackt, the Clergies Bags

Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attire

Haue cost a masse of publique Treasurie.

Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution

Vpon Offenders, hath exceeded Law,

And left thee to the mercy of the Law.

Queene. Thy sale of Offices and Townes in France,

If they were knowne, as the suspect is great,

Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.

Exit Humfrey.

Giue me my fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?

She giues the Duchesse a box on the eare.

I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud French-woman:

Could I come nere your Beautie with my Nayles,

I could see my ten Commandements in your face.

King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will, good King? looke to't in time,

Shee'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:

Though in this place most Master weare no Breeches,

Shee shall not strike Dame Eleanor vnreueng'd.

Exit Eleanor.

Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humfrey, how he proceedes:

Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no spurres,

Shee'll gallop farre enough to her destruction.

Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your spightfull false Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie so deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I say, my Soueraigne, Yorke is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.

Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To shew some reason, of no little force,
That Yorke is most vnmeet of any man.

Yorke. He tell thee, Suffolk, why I am vnmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My Lord of Somerset will keepe me here,

Without Discharge, Money, or Furniture,

Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:

Last time I danc't attendance on his will,

Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

Warw. That can I witnesse, and a fouler fact

Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.

Suff. Peace head-strong Warwick.

Warw. Image of Pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,

Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuse himselfe.

Yorke. Doth any one accuse Yorke for a Traytor?

King. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what are

these?

Suff. Please it your Maiestie, this is the man

That doth accuse his Master of High Treason;

His words were these: That Richard, Duke of Yorke,

Was rightfull Heire vnto the English Crowne,

And that your Maiestie was an Vsurper.

King. Say man, were these thy words?

Armorer. And 't shall please your Maiestie, I neuer sayd

nor thought any such matter: God is my witnesse, I am

fallow accus'd by the Villaine.

Peter. By these tenne bones, my Lords, hee did speake

them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were scow-

ring my Lord of Yorke's Armor.

Yorke. Base Danghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,

He haue thy Head for this thy Traytors speech:

I doe beseech your Royall Maiestie,

Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.

Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I spake the

words: my accuser is my Prentice, and when I did cor-

rect him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his

knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witnesse

of this; therefore I beseech your Maiestie, doe not cast

away an honest man for a Villaines accusation.

King. Vncke, what shall we say to this in law?

Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:

Let Somerset be Regent o're the French,

Because in Yorke this breedes suspicion;

And let these haue a day appointed them

For single Combat, in conuenient place;

For he hath witnesse of his seruants malice:

This is the Law, and this Duke Humfrey's doome.

Som. I

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maiestie.
Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods sake
pity my case: the spight of man preuayleth against me.
O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I shall neuer be able to
fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
Humf. Sirra, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
King. Away with them to Prison: and the day of
Combat, shall be the last of the next moneth. Come
Somerset, wee'll see thee sent away.

Flourish. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Priests, and Bullingbrooke.

Humf. Come my Masters, the Duchesse I tell you ex-
pects performance of your promises.

Bulling. Master Humf, we are therefore provided: will
her Ladyship behold and heare our Exorcismes?

Humf. I, what else? feare you not her courage?

Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of
an inuincible spirit: but it shall be conuenient, Master

Humf, that you be by her aloft, while wee be busie be-
low; and so I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.

Exit Humf.

Mother Iordan, be you prostrate, and grouell on the
Earth; Iohn Southwell reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Eleanor aloft.

Eleanor. Well said my Masters, and welcome all: To
this geere, the sooner the better.

Bulling. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times:

Deepe Night, darke Night, the silent of the Night,

The time of Night when Troy was set on fire,

The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle,

And Spirits walke, and Ghosts breake vp their Graues;

That time best fits the worke we haue in hand.

Madame, sit you, and feare not: whom wee rayse,

Wee will make fast within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle,

Bullingbrooke or Southwell reade, Coniuro

te, &c. It Thunders and Lightens

terribly: then the Spirit

riseth.

Spirit. Ad sum.

Witch. Asmath, by the eternall God,

Whose name and power thou tremblest at,

Answer that I shall aske: for till thou speake,

Thou shalt not passe from hence.

Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had sayd, and
done.

Bulling. First of the King: What shall of him be-
come?

Spirit. The Duke yer liues, that Henry shall depose:

But him out-lie, and dye a violent death.

Bulling. What fates await the Duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By Water shall he dye, and take his end.

Bulling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles,

Safer shall he be vpon the sandie Plaines,

Then where Castles mounted stand.

Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.

Bulling. Discead to Darknesse, and the burning Lake:

False Fiend ayode.

Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of York.

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